

Tool Basket Is First Aid To Gardener

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Garden Tool Basket.

Flower Sticks Attractive.

Some of the novelties to make the flower garden more attractive are the canes or sticks fitted with ornamental porcelain tops. These tops or heads are generally in the form of a bird, or grotesque figure in highly colored porcelain. Such a cane can be stuck into the

A black and white illustration of a woman in a swimsuit lying on her stomach in the water, looking towards the viewer. The water is depicted with stylized splashes and bubbles. In the background, there are faint outlines of other people swimming.

Flower Boxes.

The homemaker may be only a "flower box" fan, but nothing but window boxes on which to expend her skill and care. She will be interested in the all-metal flower boxes recently put out. These come in all sizes to fit any width of window. They are metal, but painted green, without any "linny" look. They never leak or drain like the usual wooden box, or warp or get out of shape.

"Gardening made easy" is what the new tools and outdoor equipment call for. You can find it in gardening a means of recreation as well as profit and a chance to combat any tired spring feeling by renewed contact with the earth.

THE Traveling Salesman, met by the Youngish Girl on a train bound southward out of Canada for Boston, expatiates on married life, happy and unhappy, and tells how he and his wife weathered the first year after he began to watch what she didn't do!

"My wife!" he repeated. "Tell you about my wife? Why, there isn't much to tell. She's little, and young, and was a school teacher, and I married her four years ago."

"And were happy—ever—after," mused the Youngish Girl teasingly.

"No," contradicted the Traveling Salesman, quite frankly. "No! We didn't find out how to be happy at

all until the last three years!"

Again his laughter rang out through the car.

"Heavens! Look at me!" he said at last. "And then think of her—Littie!—talking poetry to read on the train same as you or I would take a newspaper and read the news to you expect?" Again his mouth began to twitch a little. "And I thought it was her fault—most all of the first year—her confiding in me."

"And then, all of a sudden," he continued eagerly, "all of a sudden, she said, 'What's the matter with me than anything else, I say to her. We don't seem to be getting on so well as we used to.' And she shakes her head of it."

"Don't!" she says. "Maybe you think I don't treat you quite right?" I quivered just a little. "No, you don't. That is, not—exactly right," she says, and came burrowing her head in my shoulder as if she could be. Maybe you could show me how to treat you—righter."

I say, a little bit pleasanter. "I'm perfectly happy just as I am, and half laughing and half crying. All you'll have to do," she says, "is just watch me. I'll do it all right."

I say, bristling just a bit again. "No," she says, all pretty and soft-like. "All

If you have a friend worth loving
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?
If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long,
Why should one who thrills your
heart
Lack the joy you may impart?
If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother worker fear
Falter for a word of cheer
—Anonymous.

It was in rustic Michigan
The romance had beginning;
Oh, vain it was to wish again
For romance half so winning.
Upon a springtime day serene,
And ere the time of hoeing,
She came into the world a bean
And straightaway started growing.
The cutest little thing at first,
She was to teeny-weeny;
Her parents did their very worst
And dubbed her Cannellini.
You know, of course, how parents
Imagine them by dozens—
The name was not her own; in fact
It was her second cousin's.
There's nothing in a name, I wot;
At least, it didn't matter.
For little Cannellini could
Just eat as fat as a marrowfat.
And as she grew round space
Her linear dimension,
The strong man's climbing race,
Took on a vast extension.
For you must know a lady bean,
As you must know an affection,
Comprises more than seventeen
Complete erotic sections.
A circumstance I apprehend,
Of singularly rural nature,
One might to serve one's muse pretend
Distinguishes the rural.
However, be it as it may,
It troubled not our shero,
And thus it came to pass one day
She flirted with our hero.
Atope her pole against the sky,
She lamped that jolly porker,
And as he wallowed in his sty,
Appraised him for a corker.
He was no hybrid hog, at that,
Which shows that her decision
Was based upon not only fat,
But porcine erudition.
His pizazz had an appetite
Commanding admiration,

The Salesman Reforms.

With slightly nervous fingers he pulled the Traveling Salesman's checkbook out of his pocket, tucked it under his arm and tugged at his necktie as though his collar were choking him suddenly.

"So that's how I learned my table manners," he grinned, "and that's how I learned to quit cussing when I was mad. You see, you know how I learned—oh a great many things—that's how I learned—" grinning broader and broader, "and now I learned not to come home and talk all the time about the 'peach' whom I saw on the train or the 'little scar on your face—' it don't show any, but she's awful sensitive about it, and Johnny, she says, 'don't you ever mention it again.' So I come home and tell you about the wonderful slim fellow who sat next to me

"Oh, I tell you a fellow's a fool," mused the Traveling Salesman, judicially: "a fellow's a fool when he marries who don't go to work deliberately to study and understand his wife. Women are awfully understandable if you only go at it right. Why, the only thing that troubles them in the whole wide world is the fear that the manner they've married ain't quite bright. Why, when I was first married I used to think that my wife was a beautiful and a wonderful person. But, Lord, when you point a girl out in a car and say: 'Well, ain't that girl got the most gorgeous figure of any you ever saw?' you're off your life and your wife is 'Yes, Jordan is selling them puffs

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

Keep Bottles Sterile.

Regulate Baby's Diet

If, however, there is evidence of colic or undigested particles of milk appearing, there should be any signs of gastric disorders in the little one, the increase in the milk should be postponed. About the ninth month, sound, vigorous children can easily take a combination of three times as strong in milk as water.

Babies about the seventh month may have a tooth. A nibble of zwieback or buttered crackers may then be tried. Barley grist, oatmeal, graham, spinach, orange juice, olive oil, and carrot juice are all permissible in the cold season of the year, after the ninth month. Never invite danger in the summer by food experiments or even a taste of this or that. Bottle babies are more apt to be overfed than starved. Two or three days' starvation in summer often saves them.

Readers desiring a personal reply should remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.
2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

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By Newspaper

B. ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie—I am twenty-four years old, and when seventeen was engaged to be married to a young man of twenty-two years. But just as we were about to get married, he told me that he was not going to us getting married, as she said that I was too young. We both loved each other very dearly. He was the one I loved best, and would be married, but I thought it a disgrace. Do you?

I hear from him occasionally, but in his last letter he wrote me said he was engaged and that we could not make it up again. I told him that I would not break his engagement, and he never answered. Do you think I should have done so? I do not care for any one else, but have gone.

WORRIED.

Dear Worried—Well, you worried yourself if away from the man you loved, and now you'll have to worry along without him I'm afraid.

You were too young at 19 to marry; at least if I had been your mother I would have thought so. It has all been rather a mistake, hasn't it?

I wonder how your mother feels about it now. I can understand quite well why she did not want you marry so young. She might have said, "Wait a while," but I should hardly like to be in her situation just now.

It is a serious thing to take upon yourself the whole responsibility of another life, even if that life belongs to your own child.

No, you should not have written as you did when you found that he was engaged to some one else. It is nothing to you now, and never can be while it belongs to another woman.

He is marked with the sign "stop thief!" I feel it if you want to be honorable, and if you want to be happy.

He isn't the only man in the

world. Forget him, and you may meet some one else who will make you much happier than he ever could have done, and besides, do you really believe, through what you have seen with your own eyes, that the only way to be happy is to be married?

Dear Annie Laurie: I am attending high school and know a boy who is about sixteen years old, and in most ways a very nice boy. But he has one quite bad habit. That is that when he meets you he is always hitting you—on the head or arm—not hard or to hurt, but it is annoying. What would you say to him so as not to offend him, as I am really quite fond of him?

SEVENTEEN.

Well, Seventeen, I shouldn't think you would be quite ready to die of love for a young man such as you describe. The next time he gives you one of his playful greetings, look astonished and puzzled and hurt, and if he has any sense at all he'll understand.

Dear Annie Laurie: I have a nice, respectable boy friend, six months my senior, whom I met about two weeks ago. Ever since I first met him he wants to see me three evenings a week. He takes me to shows, and seems to ask a good deal of me. He wants me to give up other boys with whom I have been going out, and also wants to kiss me. Should I let him do this, and should I allow him to see me so often?

What do you want to do, "Perplexed." How much do you know about this young man? How much do you want to know about him? How can you tell whether he's the sort of chap worth cultivating or not after two weeks' acquaintance? Why should you give up all your

Women and Newspapers.

A WOMAN writer for a New York daily says that women read novels and magazines on their way to work instead of the newspapers. She bemoans it.

Parallels between New York and Washington are hard to draw, especially in this instance, for we have no noisy oblivion like the subway. But we have nice long bumpy car rides from the exclusive habitats known as "environs," conducive to interest in the printed word.

And yet, strange as it may seem, observation proves that the women of Washington read newspapers on their way to work. A few have books under their arms, for use later in the day when leisure hours permit of a fuller concentration, but one by one they purchase newspapers also.

the woman writer would have brought to the attention of the New York public. The writer, however, in a mental tonic, a morning plunge into the world of activity and actual affairs stimulating the mind for the day's work, is at hand.

Let us hope that those who do carry books do not read them before the work begins, for they are deadening.

The mind is put upon a rigid track, and the reader is concerned only in the working out of a certain plot, the relation of which to the general picture of the business of the reader may be nil.

On the other hand, newspaper articles are skimmed over, and several may be read and digested in a few minutes. The reader is not in a mood of long inaction, or rather undirected action, working at a slower rate because of the breakfast in the stomach, and more ready to change diversity such as one can never get in the reading of the presentation of a single subject.

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